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commonly played in C major, their plebeian scale was called *modo lascivo* (the licentious Key). *Modo lascivo*, C major! the natural Key *par excellence*. Is not the title infinitely queer! Never had Truth a sincerer eulogy bestowed on her, with the plain purpose of disgracing her. How pleasantly ears, dedicated from principle to the hardest crucifixions, must have been tickled by this Key, which they had branded with the epithet *unchaste*! I shall be told, that the composers in the improved Lydian Mode had transposed this scale into the Fourth. Yes, but we have seen that they avoided with all their might the consequences of these normal scales, both as regarded the tune and modulation; the fiddlers, on the contrary, gladly and willingly accepted them. Herein lies the difference: they sinned without shame against the Greek Modes, without trying, through the mediation of Gaforius and other casuists, to reconcile themselves with this system. The ear found its account in it, and the highly disturbed theory shrieked anathema over such criminal enjoyment. *Modo lascivo*, it thundered out! Such was the spirit of the schools, and such, we may add, the spirit of the age. A sensual gratification, innocent as it was in itself, might lead into temptation and arouse the evil one, who knows how to assume all forms, even that of the Major Scale.

of music? That would have been as much as to condemn themselves to doing nothing, and yet they had to do something. The answer lies in their works.

Music by its compound nature exhibits two essentially distinct points of view, one of which happily never rose above the horizon of the Middle Age. Music is an Art, but it is also in the broadest sense of the word a Science, since it rests on calculation. To say nothing of the Canon, with which we rationally do not allow ourselves to be much perplexed at this day, there are melodic steps to be counted, rhythmical distances to be measured, harmonic intervals to be spanned, multiplied passages to be combined, all which is expressed by numbers. Considered under this point of view, all the problems of the ear resolve themselves into numerical formulas; and that was the side which the contrapuntists, who still were no musicians, could lay hold of, and of which they actually took possession. To them Music fully seemed a branch of practical mathematics; and as such they treated it. The example of Machault has shown us to what their first calculations were limited: namely, to reckoning the intervals, to distinguishing the value of the notes, to multiplying signs upon the lines in the different parts by the mingling of parallel, oblique or counter movements. This was little. Soon the musicians comprehended that they must give the greatest possible expansion to the mathematical principle, the only one of value that could guide them; that they must invent some sort of generative rule involving an infinity of calculation, which should be deep enough, or prepare difficulties enough, worthily to occupy the adepts of musical science.

Since the world began, there have been probably but two ways of singing in chorus. Either all began at once, or one *intoned* the tune as leader and the others joined him after a longer or shorter pause, either in unison or in harmony. Might there not be another way than this, and might not the same passages, both tune and words, commence one after another in succession: is the question that might have been raised, we know not where and when, by some one of the men predestined to discoveries—and to oblivion. A very simple thought to be sure, but one out of which three centuries were to derive their wisdom, and one which bears a Palestrina, a Bach and a Mozart in the germ, to which three shining rings the whole future, the whole welfare of Music,

and the chain of years are linked. Every one of my readers has already named the CANON.

The most immediate result of this thought was such an arrangement of the voices, that one seemed to flee before the other; for while the second repeats the words of the first, the first, without resting, has passed on to a new passage, which it leaves as soon as the voice, that is behind it, reaches the same place. If there be more than two voices, the third bears the same relation to the second, the fourth to the third, and so on. Since neither hastens its movement, neither lags behind, and all keep on in the same time, separated by uniform distances, there arises an emulous race towards one point of union, that is never reached; this is called an endless Fugue, a Canon. From literal repetition of the subject to proper imitation, was not far. Instead of treating the theme thus in unison or octave, they could treat it in the Fourth, the Fifth and all the intervals; instead of reproducing the precise melodic form of the theme upon the other steps of the scale, they could invert the order of the notes, of which it was composed, reproduce it contrarywise and give it a retrograde motion; they could begin with the end and end with the beginning; they could amplify it or abridge it, compose it anew with notes of the longest or the shortest duration; they could do a thousand other things with it. I need not explain the rules of the Canon, with which I presume the reader to be already familiar; but the little I have said will give some idea, even to those who do not know it, of the countless multitude, the infinite variety and the uncommon difficulties of the combinations that are implied in them. Imagine the zeal with which the musicians caught up an invention, so entirely suited to the ideas and the actual wants of the epoch. What an ocean of calculations, shoreless and unfathomable! With eyes shut, and ears stopped too of course, all hastened to plunge in.

During a period of some two hundred and fifty years the Canon erected itself more and more among musicians into a universal and supreme law; it was the exclusive thought of their investigations and their striving, the only measure of their talents and the condition *sine qua non* of their celebrity; it swallowed up all, not only Church music, but the little that there was of worldly music. The imprisoned thought conformed itself so well to this canonical slavery, that had become supreme law to it, that it fell into an absolute incapacity of producing anything else but Canons. Every melody, that germinated in the head of a musician, was worked up into a Canon. Wholesome constraint, fortunate slavery for those who knew not how to make use of freedom! A little less restraint, and the musical thought of that time had been reduced to nothing.

As the Canon was the touchstone of the science of composers, so too it served to display the musical knowledge and acuteness of the singers. They seldom wrote the parts entirely out, but left the work in an enigmatical form, and commonly with a kind of device, containing the solution of the puzzle; for instance: *Trinitatem in unitate veneremur*; *Nigra sum sed formosa*; *Cancerisat* (retrograde or crab-like imitation); *Crescit et decrescit in duplo, triplo*, etc. (Imitation by amplification, or by double or triple diminution); *Descende gradatim* (probably imitation a Second

below); *Contraria contrariis curantur*. I do not wholly understand the meaning of this last maxim, but I hold it to be not at all dangerous in music. The great Hahnemann himself would admit that it could not operate fatally. In this way one had to be as good a mathematician to sing a Canon, as to compose one; and making music in the time of Charles V. and Francis I. was no trifle of brain twisting labor. In this way the composers avenged themselves upon the singers of their time, and upon the later historians, for the incredible toil, which their trade as canonists occasioned them.

When we to-day look upon these master-works of patience and of ingenuity; these calculations, in which not the remotest account is made of Melody and Harmony; these problems, in whose solution we find nothing that resembles music; this toilsome labor, which smells so of the lamp, of Octaves and of Quints, we are tempted to ask: *Canon, what wilt thou of me?* as a learned Frenchman asked of a Sonata. Not being acquainted with the latter, I cannot say what answer it made. But as it respects the Canon, this replies very clearly and intelligibly: "I will that you should recognize in me the product of a necessary striving, which alone could lead Art to the goal of its high destiny. I demand respect and gratitude of the friends of Music. Name to me anything great and enduring among the commonly so ephemeral productions of music, in which I have not participated largely. Rightly understood, I am the chief pillar of sublime church music, of the grand instrumental music and good chamber music; and those who would banish me entirely from theatrical music, thereby doom themselves to die young. If, to be sure, I appear ludicrous and meagre in the fifteenth century, the reason lies in this, that I had neither the support of the Accord, which was scarcely known, nor of Melody, which was not known at all. Could I dispense with their aid and become Music by myself alone? Just as little as the granite, the marble, the cement and the iron could dispense with an architectural plan and put themselves together into a palace or a temple. So too, what were palace and temple, if there were no stones, no iron and no lime? What would the great architects of harmony, BACH, HANDEL, HAYDN and MOZART have undertaken, had not dexterous and persevering laborers for two centuries long been breaking out the stone quarries, excavating the mines, and selecting, hewing, shaping and matching the solid materials, which I, the Canon, with my imitations, my repetitions, my inversions, my thematic analyses and my double counterpoint present so faithfully? What would they have made! Pretty little summer houses of painted wood, whose cornices and friezes and embellishments would have consisted of roulades; fresh and shining for an hour, when fashion would blow over them, and every vestige of them disappear."

I grant that this reply of the Canon sounds somewhat pedantic and insolent; it smacks somewhat of its own age, and there will be very many men whom it will displease in this present time. Nevertheless the answer is in certain points correct, nay instructive, and it pains me that people, who have thought so much about the Canon, and said so much about bad taste, Gothic style, Flemish barbarism, &c., have not better understood it. It would have shown them that musical art fol-

lowed quite logically the course it was obliged to enter, in passing from canonical counterpoint to Harmony, and from Harmony to Melody, instead of beginning with this latter. Did not the languages follow the same course, after they had once grown up to literature? In all languages taken in their first stages of development, verses came before prose and the form ruled before the thought. Everywhere tradition and authority exercised an indispensably necessary guardianship in the infancy of the practical science of reason and taste, which grow up and keep even pace together. The development of modern languages presents, in comparison with musical language, a series of correspondences which are not to be mistaken, whether we regard their multitude, their growing mutual relations, their historical and logical concatenation, or their perfect exactness within the proper bounds of their analogy.—The primitive and artless chant corresponds perfectly to the primitive and artless poetry which served it for a text. Counterpoint in general is the written versification, of precisely the same age with itself, which was based upon combinations not less difficult, not less arbitrary and childish, and altogether identical with its own. Of this sort are the final rhymes, Acrostics, Leonine Verses, which rhymed in the middle and the end, the old ballad form, the King's Song, the Sonnet, the Sextine and the many other different kinds of measure, in which the poet had to overcome greater or lesser difficulties; in a word all the poetry, whose only merit consisted in the surmounting of difficulties; a poetry for the eyes, just as the contemporary music was only a music for the eyes.

At a later period the modern tonic Fugue and the Contrapuntal style, both in their characteristics and in the time of their origin, reflected with equal fidelity the poetry of civilized nations and of cultivated languages, the versification freed from all burdensome and arbitrary tradition, and now only subject to certain simplified fundamental rules, for the mere end of enhancing the prosody of the idiom or of the ear. Finally, to exhaust entirely a comparison, whose limits appear of themselves, we see in our harmonic-melodic style the complete equivalent of that easy, pleasing, graceful and correct prose, which everywhere was the result of the developments of language. The melodic style knows no other laws but those of the pure period or sentence, without which there can be no music. So prose is governed only by the laws of grammar and of syntax, which usage has completed and improved when necessary, and without which one could neither speak nor write well. One circumstance however is to be remarked; to-wit, that of spoken prose it is the right and oftentimes the duty to be prosaic. Musical prose can never dispense with poetry; it needs it quite as much and more than in the fugued style, although this latter represents versification in music; but what would once have occasioned a distinction, becomes to-day a new point of resemblance. Are we not clearly agreed that the prose of to-day is far more poetic than the verses of to-day, and do we not see our poets turning prose-writers, that they may with greater ease be poets?

We have thus pointed out striking analogies in the effects. Whoever would ascend to causes, would have to seek them in the general history of mankind. There he would find perfectly revealed

the connection, which sets the seal of the century upon Literature and the Arts, which lends them a family resemblance, and makes them like their common mother, the spirit of the age. Our problem, as musicians, is to ascertain why things necessarily came to pass thus within the limits of our Art.

[To be continued.]

Mendelssohn.

[From the German of W. A. LAMPADIUS.]

(Continued from p. 62)

As Whitsuntide was now approaching, Mendelssohn repaired to Düsseldorf, the scene of his early triumphs, and was there met by his friend Julius Rietz, who was to share the duties of conductorship in the forthcoming festival. The services of more than five hundred performers, vocal and instrumental, had been secured. Arrangements were made on the most liberal scale, and artists, engaged from various parts of Germany, united forces to contribute to the general effect. Cécile Kreuzer, Pirscher, Sophie Schloss, Schunke, Oehrlein and Lämmer, were the solo singers. The festival commenced on Whitsunday with the C minor symphony of Beethoven, followed by Handel's "Israel in Egypt." As the organ accompaniment would have been too overpowering in the confined space of the concert-room, Mendelssohn arranged it for wind instruments, and added an accompaniment to the recitatives for two violoncellos and a double-bass. On Monday, Weber's *Fest-Cantata*, Haydn's Motet, *Insane et vanæ curæ*, the march from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," and the *Lobgesang* were given. On Tuesday, Ernst, the great violinist, who was to have appeared, was taken ill, and detained at Weimar, and Mendelssohn, without previous rehearsal, substituted Beethoven's Concerto in B flat.

The public at Düsseldorf acknowledged unanimously the greatness of his services, and a fresh instance of royal favor was conferred on him by the King of Prussia, who gave him the cross of *Ritter der Friedensclasse* of the *Orden pour le Mérite*, instituted by Frederic the Great. At the end of May, he travelled to London with his wife, and here his old friends and new triumphs awaited him. On the 13th of June he conducted his symphony in A minor, at the Philharmonic Concert, and, on the 24th, at Moscheles' house, a concert for the benefit of the sufferers in the Hamburg fire; he played with Moscheles the *Hommage à Handel*, besides accompanying Adelaide Kemble and Miss Hawes, the former in the "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges, and *Es brechen im schallenden Reigen*, and the latter in the *alto solo* from "St. Paul." On the 26th of June he performed his music to the *Antigone* before a select few in Moscheles' house, and, shortly afterwards, his overture to the *Ruy Blas* of Victor Hugo, with some variations on an original theme in E flat, from the manuscript.

We next hear of Mendelssohn at Lausanne, in Switzerland, whither he had been invited to conduct his *Lobgesang*. From some unforeseen accident he arrived a day or two late, and missed hearing the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, which followed immediately after the *Lobgesang*—an arrangement he was not likely to approve of; though the violent contrast of the different styles did nothing to endanger or lessen the fame of either composer—the learned disciple of Handel and Bach, or the graceful and brilliant Rossini, "the swan of Pesaro." This year aided, if possible, its predecessor in giving strength and universality to Mendelssohn's fame, the *Lobgesang* and "St. Paul" becoming stock pieces in Holland, Bohemia, and various parts of Germany. Up to the month of November, Mendelssohn was engaged at various periods in Berlin and Frankfurt, assisting at the latter place his friend Ferdinand Hiller; but he remained at Leipzig almost without intermission from November of this year to the winter of 1842.

The great topic of conversation now was the proposed scheme of a Musical Conservatory at

Leipsic, a pet plan of Mendelssohn. It happened at this time that a valuable legacy had been bequeathed to the crown of Saxony by the will of a private gentleman of the name of Blümmner, and the king generously handed this sum over to the committee for the fund, on condition that six natives of Leipsic receive their education gratuitously at the Conservatory. On the 16th of January, the prospectus of the new school of music at Leipsic was issued for the benefit of the public, and those who intended to offer themselves as candidates for studentships. It was to be comprised of well qualified professors, to instruct in every branch of musical science, practical and theoretical. The illustrious names of Mendelssohn, Schumann, David, Hauptmann, Pohlenz, and Becker, were proposed as teachers and overseers of the Conservatory, and all who wished to become pupils were requested to send in their names before the 23d of March. By that time, forty-six had made applications, and the number in July was increased to sixty-eight candidates, out of whom forty-two were ultimately selected—of these the majority naturally consisted of Germans; but, not excluding other nations in their choice, the committee accepted two Dutchmen, one Englishman, and an American. On the third of April, the Conservatory was opened with public rejoicings; and, in the middle of the month, the scheme of lectures issued, with the following particulars. Mendelssohn was to have the direction of the solo singing, piano-forte playing, and composition; Hauptmann, of harmony and counterpoint; Schumann of private tuition in the theory of music; David of the violin, and Becker of the organ. Pohlenz, an excellent singing master, died suddenly, on the 10th of March, and Mme. Grabau-Bünau, and Herr Böhme were to succeed him in training the chorus, assisted by Klengel, Plaidy, and Wenzel. Ghezzi gave lessons in the Italian language; and, since 1845, Brendel, the present editor of the *Leipsic Zeitschrift für Musik*, gave a series of lectures on the history and development of the science. The institution had from its infancy several warm friends and supporters, who testified their good wishes by substantial help, either in the shape of money, or presents of books, instruments, etc.

Mendelssohn not only founded the institution, but proved its most zealous and active member. If the greatest man is not often the best teacher, he was an exception to the general rule, for none could ever question the judicious management of pupils entrusted to him. He was in constant attendance at the public and private examinations of the different classes in the Conservatory, and labored to give each of his pupils a facility in the art of modulating and transposing. This was an essential branch of his teaching; but, more than all, he strove to encourage a high moral tone among the students, and severely censured those whose conduct or character excited a just suspicion. It is recorded of him that he sat up half the night on one occasion, writing some observations of his own addressed to each member of the Conservatory. His mission as a public man prevented him continuing this unwearied zeal towards the institution, after it had been once fairly started, though in its early days it may be said to have had the monopoly of his undivided interest. On being requested to pass as the chief of the whole class of professors, he modestly declined any distinction, with the words "I am only one of six teachers." He knew nothing of professional jealousy; and his anxiety to share in the labors of others induced him to gain the assistance of Moscheles, whose admission to a membership in the Conservatory was mainly owing to the interposition of Mendelssohn. I need scarcely add that Moscheles has fully satisfied the electors of the wisdom of their choice.

Let us now return from Mendelssohn, the tutor and teacher, to Mendelssohn, the writer and artist. His music to Goethe's "First Walpurgis Night" was given at Leipsic on the 2d February, 1843, with Schloss, Schmidt, Pögnier, Kindermann, as solo singers, and a body of connoisseurs assisting as chorus. He had selected and arranged the words of the poem for his music when

he was at Rome, probably at Goethe's express desire, who may have conferred previously with him on the subject. * * * The fancy, vivid coloring, and dramatic force of the work were not lost on the musician. The overture expresses the passing away of winter into the early spring, the caprice of April with her showers, sunshine, storm, and hail; and this is followed by a short tenor solo and chorus of trebles in praise of the clear skies and pure breath of May, "the mad and merry time" of which Mendelssohn loved to sing. In a mighty chorus, "Disperse, disperse, ye gallant Men," and the somewhat grotesque *Kommt mit Zacken und mit Gabeln*, the composer has given way to the extreme of fancy and poetical feeling, and in a chaos of sound has yet contrived to keep a form, order, and harmony distinct, in the midst of enthusiasm. After the first performance Mendelssohn altered many of the vocal parts, and greatly improved the last mentioned of these choruses. Clear above all the din of concerted sound is heard the earnest voice of the Druid:

"Die Flamme reinigt sich vom Rauch,
So reinig' unsern Glauben,
Und raubt man uns den alten Brauch,
Dein Licht, wer will es rauben!"

But even in this song we find the foreboding of a brighter future (if the meaning and spirit be conformable to the words), rather than the expression of inward content and freedom from religious disquietude. I must add, that Mendelssohn fully satisfied the expectations which the treatment of such a subject called for, and if we do not feel the emotions Goethe intended to convey, I attribute the result fearlessly to the *libretto*, rather than the music. The next novelty that calls for any remark was a *scena* by Mendelssohn, sung by Mlle. Schloss, in the concert on the 9th of February. I do not think it has yet appeared in print, but in character and style it was something between the *Ah perfido*, of Beethoven, and the great song from Weber's *Athalie*. The chief event of this year was the inauguration of the Bach statue on the 23d of April. We give the selection of music as chosen by Mendelssohn:

Overture—*Arioso*—Gavotte; Trio and finale (*Bourée und Gigue*), and the double *madrigal*, *Ich lasse dich nicht*; a piano-forte concerto, with orchestra, executed by Mendelssohn, the air with oboe *obligato* from the *Passions-Musik*, *Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen*; and an extempore on themes from Sebastian Bach.

Immediately after the concert, the ceremony of uncovering the statue began in presence of a large assemblage. Among the crowd, we observed the veteran *capellmeister* of Berlin, Christopher, grandson of Sebastian Bach, who had travelled to Leipsic to be present. The statue, designed by Hübner and Bendemann, and executed in stone by Knauer, is not a happy specimen of sculpture; but it will have answered its purpose if it remind posterity that a great artist lived and labored there, and that another great man strove in gratitude and piety to perpetuate his memory. Leipsic, not forgetful of the disinterested services paid her by Mendelssohn, presented him in the April of this year with the freedom of the city.

After attending a public performance of "St. Paul," at Dresden, Mendelssohn seems to have allowed himself some temporary cessation from labor, and to have rested awhile on the laurels already won, for neither in England nor Germany did he assist, for a time, at any musical festival. It is probable that he finished, during this summer, the remainder of the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at the express desire of the King of Prussia; for the entire play, with orchestral and vocal accompaniments, was heard in October, at Potsdam, under the superintendence of Ludwig Tieck and the composer. It was soon brought out at Berlin, with great applause, and Mendelssohn, being engaged for a considerable time in that city, resigned his post at the Gewandhaus this winter to Ferdinand Hiller. At the farewell concert given him previously to his leaving Leipsic, I must call to mind the performance of Bach's triple concerto by Hiller, Clara Schumann, and Mendelssohn, Mendelssohn's new sonata, Op. 58 (in D), for piano

and violoncello, and last, not least, the *ottetto* played by David, Klengel, Hauptmann, Bach, Mendelssohn, Gade, Grenser, and Wittman. This great musical phalanx was greeted, after each movement of the *ottetto*, with a storm of applause. Hiller maintained his difficult position this season most honorably, and brought out the romantic oratorio of Schumann, "The Paradise and Peri," a fact which I cannot suppress in remembrance of a fellow citizen so distinguished and honorable as an artist. On the 30th of December, we heard, in the walls of our own theatre, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music. The *mise en scène*, considering the resources of the theatre, was worthy of all praise, and though it was remarked that the parts were not well distributed, yet this deficiency was not without its service, if it turned the attention of the audience exclusively to the labors of Mendelssohn. How thoroughly the musician entered into the lovely fancy which inspired the poet, all who have heard these accompaniments will confess. The music, during the continued action of the play, may be called an extension and enlargement of the ideas developed in the overture, a beautiful outline in itself, and now a perfect and finished picture. The dainty gambols of the fairies, from leaf to leaf, in the moonshine, the longings and complaints of disappointed love, the brilliant pomp and circumstance of the royal wedding, with other familiar scenes, were now doubly powerful to the imagination, attended by their suitable accompaniment of music, and all are agreed that Mendelssohn handled the subject with a profound knowledge of poetry and that extreme delicacy which forbade the marring of such a poem. As exquisite *morceaux*, we may cite especially the fairy lullaby from *Titania*, the *Nachtlied ohne Worte* (*Notturmo*), which is played as she is resting in the grotto; and, last not least, the brilliant Wedding March. So strongly convinced are we of the value of the music, that we dare affirm Shakspeare's poem has won much by the accompaniment, as far as stage representations are concerned; for with matter of fact minds, which glean even from poetry something material and actual, Mendelssohn has been of use in helping to realize the summer night with its fairy train of elves and urchins.

[To be continued.]

PARABLES.

FROM GOETHE.

Poems are colored window-glasses!
Look into the church from the market square:
Nothing but gloom and darkness there!
Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so:
Well may he narrow and captious grow,
Who all his life on the outside passes.

But come, now, and inside we'll go!
Now round the holy chapel gaze;
'Tis all one many-colored blaze;
Story and emblem, a pictured maze,
Flash by you:—'tis a noble show.
Here feel as sons of God baptized,
With hearts exalted and surprised!

God to his first rude children sent
Order, and Law, and Science too, and Art,
Endowed with all Heaven's favor could impart,
To make man on this earth content.
But these from Heaven all naked came,
How to conduct them here unknowing,
Till Poesy relieved their shame,
Comely apparel upon each bestowing.

The sister Nine did once propose
To Psyche their poetic art
With patient method to impart.
She, simple soul, preferred her prose:
Not over sweetly went her lyre,
E'en in the fairest summer night;
But Love came by with look and fire,
And the whole course was learned outright.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

The operas performed at Leipsic in the month of April were the following: On the 2d, Wagner's *Tannhäuser*;—5th, *Norma*, (Frau Gundy as Norma);—8th, Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, (Fides by Frau Gundy);—16th, *The Vampyre*, by Marschner;—19th, Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, (Sarastro, Herr Burger, Queen of the Night, Frau Gundy);—21st, *Oberon*, by Weber, (Fräulein Petermann as Rezia, her first attempt on the stage);—23d, *Tannhäuser*;—24th, *Martha*, by Von Flotow, (Lady Harriet Dunham, Frau Gundy; Lionel, Herr Ressler); 26th, Rossini's "William Tell," (Tell, Herr Meyer; Arnold Melchthal, Herr Damke; Mathilde, Frau Gundy);—28th, Wagner's *Lohengrin*. In all, nine different operas in ten representations.

Speaking of the novelties in the way of composition, the *Signale* mentions a revival of the piano-forte sonata form, so little practised by composers of late years. Since the three published by Johannes Brahms, the new star heralded by Schumann, sonatas seem to have broken out on all sides. In one week there appeared four new ones by the following authors: Liszt, Debroy van Bruyck, Flügel and Gouvy; the two first are dedicated to Robert Schumann.

Some wag of a German in New York has been hoaxing the editor of a musical paper in the Fatherland, who, under the head of musical news from America, seriously informs his readers that the new grand oratorio of "Balaam," by the distinguished American composer, Fum, is shortly to be brought out.

A letter from Leipsic in the *Rheinische Musik-Zeitung* makes the following criticism upon the singing of Madame GOLDSCHMIDT, which is interesting for its singularity at least, and must pass for what it is worth.

"The judgment that we formed of Jenny Lind's art, when we heard her for the first time ten or twelve years since, we found this time confirmed. Her virtuosity could not easily be equalled or surpassed;—she is a striking proof of what may be accomplished by an earnest and inspired artistic will, and by an iron perseverance, backed by real talent, even with naturally moderate vocal means. In our view, Frau Lind-Goldschmidt is especially fitted for the elegiac and fine conversation *genre*; while what is earnest, and demands fire and passion, is less suited to her peculiar artistic nature. Unsurpassably fine was her rendering, at that benefit concert, of *Die Sterne schau'n in stiller Nacht*, by Mendelssohn; of "Mignon's Song," by Schubert, and the Swedish Herdsman's Song, by Berg; as well as that of Vielka's part in the Trio with two flutes from Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia." But in the delivery of the aria, "On mighty pens," from the "Creation," she seemed to us to be less in her sphere. Perfect as her singing was here in all technical respects, yet (in this tone-picture in the noblest sense so cheerful, but springing from the highest religious mood) we missed that deep inwardness, that high enthusiasm, which are so indispensable in such music. Frau Goldschmidt made this aria too light, too elegant. A peculiarity in her singing, by which she effects so much in pieces of a lighter kind and in her national songs, namely the long holding out of single tones in

the softest *pianissimo*, also appears in her singing of grander styles under the form of arbitrary holds. Both in this piece from Haydn, and in Susanna's aria from the *Nozze di Figaro*, the total impression was injured by an expedient so effective in its right place. In her spiritual conception of the latter piece we could have wished for a little more of the sensual glow of love, as Mozart has here so finely characterized it.

"Unquestionably the most brilliant achievement of Mme. Goldschmidt in the concert of the 17th, was her delivery of the *Lieder der Braut* from Rückert's *Liebesfrühling*, composed by Robert Schumann. Next to that we may name the aforesaid air of Mozart, while the air from Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda* lay in its nature farther from the *naturel* of the artist. Besides a perfect mastery of the mechanism of singing, the Italian music requires also Southern fire and passion, as well as large vocal resources adapted to the exhibition of sensuous euphony. Here all must be painted in bold and strong strokes, if the almost sketchy music of the gay South, which in itself contains but little high artistic worth, is to receive a real importance. But we must not expect all this from a talent so decidedly formed for the more tender elegiac *genre*, as that of Mme. Goldschmidt, especially now that her vocal powers are no longer quite sufficient for such tasks. The voice in fact is no longer entirely fresh; the lower notes are veiled, and the extreme upper notes somewhat sharp and thin.

"The other two songs given in this concert, namely the *Widmungslied*, composed by Goldschmidt, and the "Bird Song" by Taubert, are of small consequence as compositions, and owe their charm to Mme. Goldschmidt's singing. In the latter the singer showed an eminent virtuosity. But whether with this expenditure of executive skill anything really beautiful was realized, we might doubt: in our opinion the singer here occasionally oversteps the limits of the Beautiful,—for it cannot possibly belong to the domain of the tuneful Art, nor can it be a worthy task for such an artist, to produce sounds, which are only in place when heard from the feathered population of the fresh green wood."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XLVIII.

May 30. Stopping at Greenfield, Mass., the other day, though unfortunately I did not meet the gentleman I hoped to see, I gathered an item or two from another source in relation to musical affairs there. A good deal of attention has been paid to the divine art in that quarter, in time past; besides the efforts of Dr. Tuckerman, I heard of a concert given some time since, in which the staple of the performance was the music from Neukomm's "David," as published in one of the recent singing-books; of another concert more recently given by the "Old Folks," at which Billings, Holden, Reed, Kimball, and their compeers, again made their appearance—and with such effect as to leave a surplus above the expenses of some \$50; and this week the children and young people, under the lead of T. M. Dewey, Esq., are to perform Root's juvenile cantata of the "Flower Queen." For one I go for all these. Let us have them all. Beget a taste for making music the grand recreation. Let them sing "Majesty," and "Complaint," and "Virginia," and other tunes of our fathers; the contrast between them and the music presented by Dr. Tuckerman must be appreciable to the meanest comprehension in time, especially to younger auditors, who have no pleasant associations connected with the tunes of the "Old Folks."

For my own part the old "peanyroyal tunes" have a peculiar charm for me. I have formerly known them

all, I believe, and when, the next evening after leaving Greenfield, I heard a tune or two at an "old folks' rehearsal" in Northampton, preparatory to a concert there, the women taking the tenor, the men the air, as in the days of the old "Village Harmony," I must confess I listened in a state of genuine delight.

"And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad,"

sang they, and I felt again something of that feeling with which Billings's "Majesty" used to inspire me when a child. Some years since I used to hear the symphonies in Boston on Saturday evenings, and sing old tunes the next, with a good old singer who complained that none of the young folks could read that music now-a-days, and who believed that singing was no longer taught with its ancient success.

I made a very pleasant acquaintance on this trip, with a young gentleman who spent the night with me at Warner's hotel in Northampton, which, by the way, I understand is on the spot where Pomeroy, of Bunker Hill memory, kept tavern, in the days of Billings, and Reed, and Swan. My new acquaintance was no other than the organist of the recent "Prima Donna Waltz" anecdote.

Mr. — does not pretend to justify such an arrangement, but puts this very pertinent query: Whether under constant pressure from the congregation, and finally the danger of losing his place, it is to be wondered at that the severe school of organ-playing should at length give way to the performance of popular airs? "Two years ago," he said, "nothing could have induced me to play a secular air for a voluntary in church. I always condemned such performances, and persisted in my course Sunday after Sunday, although importuned by my friends to introduce such familiar melodies as they liked." He told me how at last he gave way so far as to give *Casto Diva*, and it proved a famous "hit," though perhaps a fatal step. From a note which I have received this morning, I extract what I think a well put view of the matter, and I have had experience enough in choirs, as leader, to know how to sympathize with an organist, who must play before an audience of whom not one person in twenty has any conception whatever of the beauties of harmony, and to whom truly fine organ-playing is a bore.

"Since that fatal step," he writes in effect, "I have introduced such things in my voluntaries, and they have finally led to the crime of my arranging the 'Prima Donna' as a church tune. I did it to gratify my congregation, laughing in my sleeve at the absurdity of the thing. Now the idea of Mr. Dwight being so horrified at this novel and 'literal fact,' somewhat vexes me. He writes as though nothing of the sort had ever before been heard of; as though that 'fast organist' was to have the honor of being first projector. Church music books are full of these things. I need not name them, you and Mr. Dwight know what they are. [Yes: 'We are all noddin,' 'Batti, batti,' 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' Scottish songs and Irish melodies, &c.] Now the question comes up, who is to blame? The organist or arranger, or the congregations? I contend that the congregations are. Is it to be expected that a common audience in our country towns, or in our cities, for that matter, can appreciate such music as those who have studied the science? 'Milk for babes,'—our congregations want their ears tickled with familiar sounds. 'Tis the last rose of summer,' played as a voluntary, will invariably please an audience. [Yes, that is true, more's the pity, of the audience—there may be a few exceptions, but they don't pay the salary.] They think nothing of the propriety of the thing, so long as they are pleased. Our congregations have yet to learn what is pure church music, and to appreciate it—then I can once more adopt it. As to this matter of propriety, another 'organist in one of the Connecticut valley churches' got up a dramatic illustration of the Day of Judgment, by 'tooting' out the last trump upon his trumpet and hautbois stop! In principle I am opposed to anything of the sort. Now I go for having this matter thoroughly discussed. Have it thoroughly presented to our congregations; have them told through the press what church music is, what organ voluntaries and interludes should be; and have the general taste made good, and it need not be long before we shall hear the deep-toned choral reverberating in our churches."

My friend forgets the proverb about making the horse drink, though he be easily taken to the water. All our musical papers may give themselves, heart and soul, to the work; but suppose our organist's auditors will not subscribe for and read them, what is to be done about it?

Is there not a good deal of meat in our organist's nutshell? I confess I think there is. No one ought to give way to the merely popular taste, but how many of us are without sin in this matter? Now, in the case of this young man, who has greatly interested me, and whose great aim is to acquire the means of solid study in Europe, and who has gained an unfortunate though anonymous notoriety, the "Prima Donna" lapsus seems venial, and excusable in comparison with many a performance in Boston and New York, by men who profess to be the arbiters of taste, the oracles of music. Again, a taking melody, slowly and solemnly sung in a country place, where none of our ridiculous associations surround it, is to my apprehension not so bad as to entertain a "West end" congregation with the music, before service, in which Sontag or Alboni called out its tears two nights before on the stage.

I don't justify that Prima Donna Waltz, but in this case excuse it.

May 27th. — Had some talk this evening after this manner: What queer ideas those who have had no proper opportunity of cultivation have of musical matters! Some time since a person from the country inquired at one of our principal music stores for something suitable for an orchestra. "How large is your orchestra?" asked the gentlemanly proprietor.

"About sixteen instruments—principally flutes!"

A.—That makes me think of the man who called at the same place for some classical music—finally concluding that he should like the overture to Don Juan arranged for two flutes.

D.—I remember when I was a boy, the flute disease prevailed everywhere, and the measles, kine pox, and Yankee Doodle on the flute were alike inevitable. Of late years we seem to be suffering from a wide-spread distemper of accordions, or squeals, as T. irreverently calls them. Inasmuch however as this instrument seems to necessitate some attempt at harmony, I think it an improvement.

A.—Do you remember the old Pierian Sodality at Cambridge?

D.—Of course.

A.—When I was in college at one time its instruments were divided somewhat in this manner: six flutes, three violins, one horn, and, I believe, one contra-basso. At another epoch it is said to have dwindled down somewhat—to a single member, who played the cornet-a-piston.

D.—That must have been the time when at an Exhibition the music was "made" by our college organist upon the little old instrument over the President's head, and "Joe" finding the speeches rather dry settled himself into a comfortable nap, from which he was awakened by a loud "Expectatur Musica!" from the venerable old Prex.

A.—Most of our countrymen have yet to learn what an orchestra is, and I fear it will be a long time before our cities will have them of their own. I know of but one attempt at orchestral music by our own people, and that is the amateur club in Boston.

D.—With the great musical talent which certainly exists among us, it is a pity that so few, so very few, who do give some time and labor to the study of instruments, should stop so soon and be satisfied with such small attainments. I think one reason of this is, that no music of a higher character is accessible to them than arrangements of operatic airs, and these pall upon the taste so soon. How different it is abroad where the easy quartets, quintets and trios of Haydn and his contemporaries are a never failing source of delight to performers, who are unable to execute the works of Mozart and Beethoven.

A.—Ah, yes, if we could only induce our village musicians to make a point of playing something of this kind the great step would be gained.

THE WONDROUS WELL.

Came North, and South, and East, and West,
Four sages to a mountain crest.

Each vowed to search the wide world round,
Until the Wondrous Well be found.

And here, as simple shepherds tell,
Lies clear and deep the Wondrous Well.

Before the crag they made their seat,
The polished waters at their feet.

Said one, "This well is small and mean;
Too petty for a village green."

Another said, "So smooth and dumb,
From earth's deep centre can it come?"

The third, "This water seems not rare,
Not even bright, but pale as air."

The fourth, "A fane I looked to see;
Where the true well is, that must be."

They rose and left the mountain crest;
One North, one South, one East, one West.

Through many seas and deserts wide,
They wandered, thirsting, till they died.

The shepherds by the mountain dwell,
And dip their pitchers in the Wondrous Well.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 3, 1854.

The so-called Classical Form in Instrumental Music.

We have recently had much discussion as to what constitutes a Symphony, and whether certain orchestral productions, of novel and eccentric structure, by adventurous American composers, were symphonies. In that discussion the essentials, so far at least as form is concerned, of what musicians always mean by the classical Symphony, were clearly pointed out. It is a concerted piece for a full orchestra, of some twenty or more independent parts or voices, each maintaining its marked individuality, which it merges only occasionally in full bursts of harmony with the whole, or now and then retiring into silence for a time, like a party in a conversation, but always with an implied presence in the background. It consists moreover of several successive movements, of different character and tempo, each of which forms a musical whole in itself, while each is in some manner kindred or related to the others, and necessary to the full development and satisfaction of the musical train of ideas, feelings and suggestions once set in motion; so that the symphony shall live in the hearer's mind an artistic and poetic whole, like a great painting, or group of statuary, or harmonious pile of architecture. It almost always opens with an Allegro, Allegretto, or some degree of quick movement, of peculiar structure; which is almost always followed by a slow movement, as Adagio, Andante, and so forth; then comes almost always the playful and fantastic Minuet and Trio of Haydn's time, or Scherzo of Beethoven; and the conclusion or Finale is a lively movement in the rondo or repeating-in-a-circle form. We say almost always; for there are modifications and variations of the type, not enough to obliterate its essential features.

Now in the controversy referred to, it has been contended that this uniformity of pattern in the composition of symphonies, &c., was a sheer conventionalism, a mechanical aping by subsequent composers, great and small, of what one original and successful composer before them chanced to do. It has been scouted as a matter of mere

precedent and slavish imitation. We wish to suggest on the other hand a few quite brief and general, but by no means idle or fanciful considerations, which seem to show that this form is not altogether arbitrary; that the musical instinct itself by the inward law and fatality of its own working has run into this very form; that it stands by the force of nature, vitally organic. It is one of those designs which Nature knew what she was about when she slipped it, as it were by accident, into the hands of the composers who first set the model. The seminal principle of a plant's life runs not more naturally into stem, leaves, flower, and fruit, than the musical instinct, excited by a given theme, and working in pure instrumental tone-freedom, without any shackle of words, dramatic plot, or outward *extra-musical* application,—especially when it has the large orchestral means,—runs into the *essential* likeness of the Symphonic or Sonata form.

In its earliest efforts, working with the simplest means, as a single instrument, the violin, or harpsichord, in the times of Corelli, Bach, &c., this tendency resulted in what is called the Sonata. The violin Quartet, the Trio, the Quintet, &c., all follow the same bent. With the full orchestra, as Haydn could command it, it becomes the Symphony. And even the Concerto, in which a solo instrument shows off, amid rich orchestral surroundings or accompaniment, or rather steps to the foot-lights before fit orchestral scenery and background, the same tendency to the same form is essentially observed. What is technically called "the Sonata form" is common to all such classical productions, whether for one or many instruments. This form, we say, is not mere accident; the reason of it is to be sought in the nature of the human soul and in the corresponding nature (as type or language) of Music.

Consider how it is with us when any matter interests us and excites us to that pitch of feeling in which music steps in as the natural language. Our whole nature is engaged in it. The Head, or thinking principle; the Heart, or feeling principle; the Will, or active principle; and more or less (amid these earnest powers) the lively, recreative play, or "heat-lightning" of Fancy,—all take part in it, all in turn are principally addressed by it. Every earnest affair of life engages a man by turns intellectually, emotionally, practically or with an impulse to action, and humorously or fancifully. Reason, Passion, Will and frolic Fancy: these are elements which enter into every earnest passage of our lives, and these seek each its type and representative in the forms of an Art so perfectly human and so pliant to the motions of the human soul as Music. If a matter deeply and earnestly taxes our reasoning, logical, truth-seeking faculties for one spell, it is a law of our nature that we quit thinking and only *feel* about it for another spell; what was a thought, a study, has become a sentiment; it has modulated out of the coolly intellectual into the feeling and religious mood. It was an argument, an emulous labor of the brain; it has become a lyric of the heart, a prayer, a hymn, an aspiration, a softly rising incense and aroma of the faith that is in us, loving, hoping, longing and believing. And then, the more we have been in earnest, the more naturally comes the reaction of playful fantasy and humor, the more ready the suggestions and heat-lightnings of a quick, surcharged midsummer fancy, the *scherzo* humors that so

often flash from characters of deepest pathos. But the circle of moods is not yet complete. Thought, feeling, fancy, are but turnings of the living stream that yet must ultimate itself in action, must rush into deed, and so pour its life into the great ocean whence all proceed and to which all tend. Such is the history of anything that seriously occupies the human mind; such are the moods or phases through which life ever modulates; and you trace the perfect analogy and correspondence thereof in everything that has life and movement, in every Art and language that expresses life,—especially in Music whose very soul and origin is motion, measured motion or vibration, and which is therefore the natural language *par excellence* of the emotions, of the feelings, of the heart.

The musical instinct or genius, once inspired and warmed up to the creative point, commences with a theme, which instantly becomes the germ or *motive* of a general design. (Of course we are speaking of *pure* music, music without verbal text, or dramatic plan, music flowing "at its own sweet will," choosing its own forms, and sufficient to itself, which Richard Wagner may deny to be possible, but which the greatest masters all affirm in the most triumphant manner in their works.) The first, or Allegro movement of a Sonata or a Symphony comes the nearest to the character of intellectual or learned music. It takes up a theme, or themes, and proceeds to the discussion and elaboration thereof. It begins with a principal theme or subject; presently, with the natural modulation into the dominant or relative key, comes in a second or counter-theme; these two are developed a little way, when the whole passage is literally repeated, as if for the purpose of fixing the themes clearly in the mind; after the repeat comes their more extended development and treatment. A sort of analytic investigation of all that is contained in them goes on; detached phrases of one are blended with or offset against the other; the two propositions are subjected to a sort of exhaustive musical logic, till all that is contained in them shall be fully brought out and verified. By a sort of refining, differentiating, intellectual argumentation these themes are developed singly, in combination and in contrast, and are worked through various keys, abridgements, augmentations, episodes, digressions, into a most complex and various whole, in which the same original threads or themes continually reappear, yet with perpetual sense of novelty. The intellectual principle delights in analysis and in the detection of differences and distinctions. So the symphonic Allegro betrays a tendency to continual divergence and escape from the first starting-point. It is like a critical exposition and discussion of the subject. It has a stricter scientific form and method than any succeeding portion of the Symphony. It excites reflection together with feeling. In its musical texture it is animated by the fugue spirit, though it seldom or never becomes a strict Fugue; but through it all you have that sense of development, of proposition and response, of imitation, echo, and analogy, of which the Fugue gives the strictest type. It is here, while listening to this part, that you are most apt to ask yourself: What may this Symphony mean? For if you do not seize the meaning here, the after-movements will be likely (as our friend Fry asserts of every classical symphony), to appear like unconnected compositions,

having no more to do with one another than the different items in a miscellaneous concert programme. The Allegro demands severe and undivided attention, conscious mental application, on the hearer's part, like a profound discourse; and yet not precisely *such* attention, but with more abandonment, shutting out all other thoughts besides the music and surrendering yourself to its logical unfolding of its own propositions, which are purely musical.

People who go to concerts to be amused, to talk to music as they would dance to it, will not be much the wiser for the Allegro. They will make little out of it. In Beethoven's music this movement frequently suggests to you the strife and struggle of two opposite principles, through difference and divergence sometimes finally rushing into each others' arms in the full perfect Chord of reconciliation, as of a common Truth underlying both. Such is somewhat the case with the Allegro of his *Sonata Pathétique*, and still more of the C minor Symphony. A few bars of slow prelude or introduction, or occasional episodes of a wholly different movement in the midst of the Allegro, do not alter its general character. This then is the most analytic, differentiating and discursive portion of the composition, and addresses itself more directly than the others to the Understanding. Here the inspiration of the whole work, which should be one throughout, wears mainly the deliberative phase, starting with propositions, in the discussion of which it has gone on more and more eagerly and earnestly, until the mood of such discussion is exhausted.

The Allegro is generally followed by the slower movement marked *Adagio*, *Larghetto*, *Andante*, &c. &c., and has more of calm, still feeling and unquestioning religion in it. Here all the spirits converge again to Unity. They have forgotten all their emulous individualities, and are gathered about the altar of a unitary sentiment. It is the baptism of pure feeling, and the meddling intellect is silent. Here is no thesis for discussion; but prayer and incense go up from the heart. This is the deep and central sanctuary in this musical abridgement of man's life, which every good Symphony appears to be. This is the heart, as the other was the head.

The serious Andante passes—sometimes through the frolic and fantastic *Scherzo*, or *Minuet* and *Trio*, (whose correspondence is sufficiently hinted above),—sometimes immediately—into the Rondo Finale, which is rapid and full of the spirit and preparation for action, full of resolve and fire. The sentiment, which has passed through the crucible of the judgment in the Allegro, and sought its divine repose at the religious altar of feeling in the Andante, having traversed its intellectual and its affective phases, now puts on its armor and moves on with alacrity for action. It seems to act itself out with buoyant confidence; sometimes with sublime triumph, as in the march concluding the C minor symphony. Thought consecrated by feeling, deepened to a sentiment, becomes an act. And the general expression and character of this last movement of a symphony, compared with the others, is very nearly what the latest modern development in the history of music, the sensuous, brilliant music of *effect*, is, compared with the expressive and the scientific styles which were developed earlier. It is the Finale, the highly wrought and brilliant close, the passing off

of the whole thing in glory, overwhelming and astonishing the hearer.

In criticizing the first part of the Symphony, we tell how the composer treats his theme; in criticizing the second, or slow movement, we inquire how deep and beautiful the sentiment; while of the last part it is more natural to remark its splendor of effect. We judge these three movements respectively, with reference to design, to spirit, to effect. There is most of the wilful and impetuous in the Finale. *Presto*, and even *Prestissimo* is not too swift a speed for it to gain sometimes by its momentum.

Of course among the Symphonies, Sonatas, Quartets, and so forth, in vogue, there will be found plenty of exceptions to the strict order of the prevailing type here indicated. It is quite common, as we have said, for the Allegro, Allegretto, or whatever the first quick movement may be, to be preceded by some short slow introduction. It is not unusual to find a Scherzo between the Allegro and the Adagio; and in some instances, as in several of Beethoven's Sonatas, the first and principal movement is an Adagio, or an Andante with variations. Sometimes there are as many as five movements. And more or less, in all composers whose works reflect the influence of Beethoven, the free, eccentric spirit of the Fantasia breaks loose repeatedly, but as it were episodically, in spite of the general conformity of the work to the prevailing type. These variations do not prove the form a false and artificial one; but rather that it is something real and vital, and founded in nature, and therefore such as can well afford to allow of any latitude not fatal to the spirit of the whole.

These are mere hints. Fully to develop and illustrate and apply all that is contained in these suggestions should require a volume and much patient study. It may be that it is a mere metaphysical speculation of our own. But we cannot help thinking that in these brief hints, which some one else may work out more completely and more beautifully, will be found at least a clue, a key to the solution of the question whether the classic Symphony, so-called, be merely a slavish copy of a chance design, or be a true form, founded in the very nature of musical inspiration and the very nature of the human soul.

Of the issue between this kind of purely musical symphonic unity, and the proposed extra-musical dramatic unity, which some of our moderns seem to wish to substitute for it in their reformed Symphony, we hope to speak hereafter.

A QUEER PROFESSORSHIP.—The government of Harvard College are said to be completely nonplussed by a recent bequest of \$15,000, left by a certain sentimental Miss Caroline Plummer, for the endowment of a new professorship on the "Philosophy of the Heart." They don't know whether it is to be an anatomical, a physiological, or a sentimental chair; whether it is an animal or a poetical heart that is to be philosophized on; whether they are to take Webster's first definition, "a muscular viscus, which is the primary organ of the blood's motion," &c., or one of the twenty others, such as "the seat of the affections," or some of its kindred. As the founder of the chair was a lady—and a single lady—we apprehend that it was the sentimental and not the carnal heart that she intended. She must have suffered, like Mrs. Skewton, from too much heart, and, wanting to rescue future single ladies from similar surplusage, determined to have the subject reduced to a philosophical system, with a learned professor to expound it to the young gentlemen who are usually the chief instruments in producing disorders of the heart. We wish the wise men of

Harvard a happy issue from the perplexity into which Miss Plummer has involved them. We shall look for their determination with interest, and shall be especially anxious to know who is to have the honor of being the first Heart-Professor.

The above is from the Philadelphia Bulletin. Fifteen thousand dollars will certainly compel the government to construe the Heart into something practicable, and establish a professorship of some sort. We propose that they should turn it into the long called for professorship of Music: seeing that this "divine Art" or science is commonly supposed to work so powerfully upon the feelings and the passions, and that it therefore is perhaps as good an interpreter of what is called the Heart, as anything which a professor could profess.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held on Monday evening last, the following officers were chosen for the year: President, J. L. Fairbanks; Vice President, George Hews; Secretary, H. L. Hazelton; Treasurer, M. S. Parker; Trustees—John H. Pray, John F. Payson, J. H. Long, L. B. Barnes, John Dodd, Irwin I. Harwood, J. H. Ward, Edward Faxon, Geo. W. Hunnewell. We are glad to see this old society so ably sustained in the respectability and musical experience of its new government. Mr. Meriam, the President of the last two years, declined a re-election.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—We understand the Boston Brigade Band are engaged to perform for a course of Promenade Concerts in Dorchester.—These Concerts were very popular last season, both in the city and country, and will undoubtedly be well patronised this season by our suburban inhabitants.—*Traveller.*

The ROXBURY BEETHOVEN SOCIETY gave a Sacred Concert on Thursday Evening, under the direction of Mr. L. H. Southard. The performances consisted of vocal Solos, Duets, Quartets and Choruses, selected from the works of Handel, Haydn, Cherubini, Mendelssohn and Rossini.

CASTLE GARDEN CONCERTS.—A fair house greeted Mr. Brough's complimentary benefit last night. Weber's Model Overture, *Euryanthe*, opened the entertainment, followed by the slow movement of Bristow's last Symphony. This latter work is elegantly written—clear, harmonious, classic-like, and was warmly received. The other pieces met with accustomed success.—To-night is M. JULLIEN's benefit. Fry's new symphony, *Childe Harold*, among other things, will be given, for the first time, after laborious rehearsals; and to-morrow night, the closing Ball.—*N. Y. Tribune, Thursday.*

A "Musical Congress," in the style of the great London and Paris Festivals, is in agitation among the Directors of the Crystal Palace, in which are to be engaged nothing less than Jullien's band, the Germania Society, Dodworth's band, the Philharmonic Society, and the Choral Societies of all our great cities. The project is perfectly gigantic, and if possible to accomplish, will throw in the shade all European festivals of the kind.—*Ibid.*

VOCAL MUSIC OF ENGLAND.—Dr. Gordon Hake, a scientific English gentleman, who recently lectured in this city upon "Sleep" and "Dreams," has been giving a couple of lectures in New York, in Dodworth's rooms, upon the ballad music of England, illustrated with songs by Mrs. W. F. Neill, and accompanied by the pianist, Mr. Timm.

The Italian Opera troupe, under the direction of Sig. Arditi, have been performing Don Giovanni, as well as other operas, in St. Louis. Mme. Devries was Donna Anna; Mme. Siedenberg, Elvira; Mme. Pico Vietti, Zerlina; Sig. Vietti,

Ottavio; and Leporello, we are told, was by a new hand.

The Germanians were there also in the middle of the last month, together with Miss Lehmann, and they are this week in Detroit.

NEW ORLEANS.—The French Opera troupe performed Weber's *Freyschutz* on the 16th, at the Orleans Theatre; and *Zampa* on the 19th, for the benefit of Madame Berton.

PAUL JULLIEN gave his last concert in Philadelphia, in the Musical Fund Hall, on the 19th May, assisted by Mr. Victor Chaume, Mr. Philip Mayer, &c. Paul treated his auditors also to a grand *Tombola*, with chances of drawing copies of a lithographic likeness of himself. Paul! Paul!

We read of the other little violinist, CAMILLA Urso, giving concerts in Macon, Ga.

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Reference, GEO. J. WEBB, Esq. May 20.

Signor AUGUSTO BENDELARI,
(FROM NAPLES,) **TEACHER OF SINGING.**
Residence, Winthrop House, Boston.
May 13 tf

Germania Serenade Band.
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L. H. SOUTHARD,
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Jan. 21. 3m.

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OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr. H. may be addressed at the music stores of NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. or G. F. REED & Co. 17 Tremont Row.

REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.

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Miss Nichols, 20 South St.

Miss May, 5 Franklin Place.

Feb. 18.

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